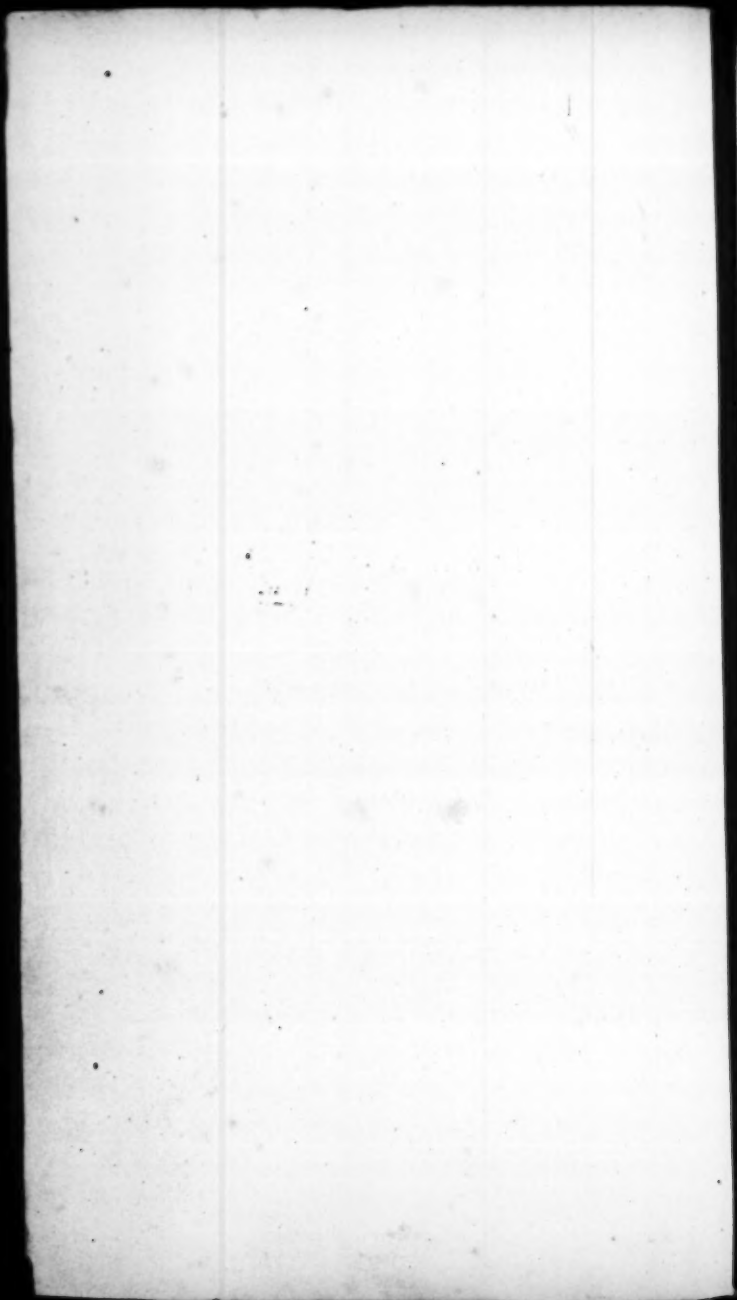


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**DIALOGUES**  
**OF THE**  
**DEAD**

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DIALOGUES  
OF THE  
DEAD.

Relating to the present

CONTROVERSY

Concerning the

UNIVERSITY  
LIBRARY  
CAMBRIDGE

*Epistles of Phalaris.*

---

*By the Author of the Journey to  
London.*

*W<sup>m</sup> King LL.D. Principal of S<sup>t</sup> Mary Hall Oxon.*

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L O N D O N :

Printed, and Sold by *A. Baldwin*, near  
the Oxford-Arms-Inn in Warwick-  
Lane. 1699.

DIAGNOSES  
OF THE

READ

Relating to the present

CONTRIVERSY

published by

13-256

1870



**T O T H E**  
**R E A D E R.**

**T**H E following Dia-  
logues were wrote by  
a Gentleman Residing  
at *Padua*, upon some Intelli-  
gence he receiv'd there of one  
*Bentivoglio*, a very Trouble-  
some Critick in the World.  
The Author wrote 'em to di-  
vert his Spleen, after having  
had a taste of those Criticisms.  
He was so kind, as to send  
them to me, to make me some  
small amends for his absence.  
The Freedom that is between

us

To the Reader.

us, suffers me to let them go  
out of my Hands in the Dress  
that I receiv'd 'em; with a  
design to try whether other  
People may have the same  
Opinion of him that I have.

Adieu.

Virgil *Aeneid* Lib. 6.

**N**EC procul hinc partem furi Adonifrantia in Omnem;  
Lugentes Campi. Sic illos nomine dicunt,  
Hic quos datus Amor crudeli tunc peredit  
Secreti celant falles, et Myrtus circum  
Sylvæ tegit: Cera non ipsa in Adonem relinquant.

**N**OT far from thence, the Mournful Fields ap-  
pear  
So call'd from Lovers, that inhabit there.  
The Souls, whom that unhappy Flame invades,  
In secret Solitude and Myrtle Shades,  
Make endless Moans, and pining with desire,  
Lament too late their smother'd Fire.

Et

## To the Reader.

Et postea.

*Hic genus antiquum Teucris pulcherrima proles  
Magnanimi Heroes, nati Melioribus annis :  
Ipsique, Assaracusque & Trojæ Dardanus Auctor,  
Arma procul, currasque virum miratur Inanes  
Stant Terræ defixæ bastæ, passimque soluti  
Per Campos pascuntur equi. Quæ Gratia curram.  
Armorumque fuit Visus, quæ cura nitentes  
Pascere Equos, eadem sequitur tellure reposto.*

Here found they Teucer's old Heroick Race ;  
Born better Times, and happier Years to grace.  
Assaracus and Ilus here enjoy  
Perpetual Fame, with him who Founded Troy.  
The Chief beheld their Chariots from afar ;  
Their shining Arms and Coursers train'd to War.  
Their Launces fix'd in Earth, their Steeds around,  
Free from their Harness, graze the Flow'ry Ground.  
*The Love of Horses which they had alive,  
And Care of Chariots after Death survive.*

Mr. Dryden's Translation.



# DIALOGUES OF THE DEAD.

## INTRODUCTION.

*Charon and Lycophron.*

*Lycophron.* **W**H Y, *Charon*,  
what did you  
bring hither last  
Week?

*Charon.* Ay, what indeed! I am  
like to lose my place for it, I hear there  
is such a stir among the Criticks, that  
the three Judges have much ado to  
ratifie Bonds of Arbitration between  
em. But pray tell me what I have  
done, for I am ignorant of my own  
Crime.

*Lycophron.* Why you brought over  
young *Schrevelius*, and he had with  
him

B

## Dialogues of the Dead.

him the Works of the Snarling Critick *Bentivoglio*.

*Charon*. I can't tell whose Works they were, but I am sure they were confounded heavy. They had like to have sunk my Skulker --- But I hope the Troubles are compos'd on this side the Water.

*Lycophron*. No, worse than ever; it is a Mercy that no Blood can be spilt among them; and having no Weapons they can't come to Daggers drawing.

*Charon*. Pray what may be the reasons of their Dissentions?

*Lycophron*. Why some are of your Opinion, that indeed *Bentivoglio* is a Heavy Writer; and say further, That he is too Bulky, and too Tedious, that he argues upon Trifles only with great Gravity, and manages Serious Things with as much Lightness. That he has pillag'd Authors to gain a Reputation, but has so manag'd his Contrivance that he has lost his end. In short, there are mighty Disputations whether he has least *Wisdom*, *Judgment*, or *Good-manners*; *Rhadamanthus*

## Dialogues of the Dead.

3

is their Umpire, who finding the case difficult, has taken a considerable time to deliberate concerning it.

*Charon.* But pray, Sir, what do you say as to this Affair?

*Lycophron.* Why indeed I am not wholly Impartial in this matter, for *Bentivoglio* has very much oblig'd me throughout his Works, He has imitated me even without reason, for as it was my choice, so his natural Genius leads him to be unintelligible. A Man may as soon understand *his* Latin as *his* English, and *his* English as *my* Greek; *his* Prose is as Fantastick as *my* Verse; and *my* Prophecies carry more light with 'em than *his* demonstrations

*Charon.* Why then he may have more Worth and Learning in him than the generality of Mortals can easily comprehend.

*Lycophron.* That is possible, but it is harder to search for 'em than to dig in the Mines of *Potosi*. The Great *Diomysius* has found his worth; I mean the same *Diomysius*, who from being Tyrant of *Syracuse*, became a *School-master*, and a *Pedant*. He, upon reading *Benti-*

B 2

*voglio's*

## Dialogues of the Dead.

1712 Dis-  
sert p. 132  
from  
thence to  
p. 145.

*voglio's* Dissertation upon *Johannes An-  
tiochenus*, wherein he had started a  
new Observation about the measures  
of *Anapaestick* Verses; has call'd a hun-  
dred little Youthful Shades; that  
had formerly mispent their time thro'  
the negligence of their Fathers, and  
the fondness of their Mothers; to  
come all under his Correction, where  
Brandishing his Wooden Authority,  
he commands 'em to scan *Anapaestick*  
Verses; and if they find any Verse  
ending with a short Syllable, they are  
immediately, right or wrong, to Cor-  
rect it, under the severe Penalty of  
committing two Pages of *Bentivoglio's*  
Works to their Memory. *Buchanan*,  
who was likewise a School-master of  
great Sense and Parts, though of  
much Passion, has sent for a Detach-  
ment of School-boys from *Grotius*;  
and another from *Scaliger*, which  
with some Numbers from his own  
Country; and the Moderns, he has  
drawn up against *Dionysius*; and this  
latter Squadron affirm, that the last  
Syllable of an *Anapaestick* Verse may  
be short, notwithstanding *Bentivoglio's*  
Dogma.



## Dialogues of the Dead.

*lio's* Dissertation. *Proserpine* only knows the event of these Proubles; for till this matter be decided, Poetry must lye still, since in such dubious times no Person can make an *Ana-*  
*stich* Verse with any safety.

*Charon.* Very true, Sir, a mistake in such a quantity may be of fatal consequence.

*Lycophron.* But, *Charon*; the heat of my Discourse had almost made me forget the very business I had with you. I have some Requests to you from the Emperor *Claudius*, he is extremely enamour'd with the Works of *Bentivoglio*, and has set forth his Edict concerning some important Matters, which, if you please, I will read to you.

*Claudius.* To the  
“Lovers of the *Belles Lettres*, Greeting.  
“All the *World* know how  
“much I was concern'd, and what  
“brave and valiant Things I acted  
“for the Grandeur of the *Roman*  
“Empire; but my greatest Glory  
“was the adding of Letters to the  
“*Roman* Alphabet, and it shall be the  
“utmost of my endeavours to effa-  
“blish

- “blish the purity of Languages, and  
 “the exactness of Spelling throughout  
 “all Nations. Therefore considering  
 “the great Service which the most fa-  
 “mous *Bentivoglio* has done his native  
 “Country by raising the credit of  
 “several admirable Proverbs; I do  
 “order all Persons to use the same  
 “as often, or oftner than they have  
 “occasion; for nothing can be more  
 “Edifying than the following Max-  
*Dij. p. 75.* “ims. *That Leucon carries one thing,*  
*p. 39.* “*and his Ass another. A Man of Cou-*  
 “*rage and Spirit should not go with Fin-*  
*p. 75.* “*ger in Eye to tell his Story. A bungling*  
 “*Tinker makes two holes while he mends*  
 “*one.* I likewise by the same Authori-  
 ty order, That in all Books and Pre-  
 “faces whatsoever, such words be us’d  
 “as have receiv’d the stamp of that  
 “Great Author; for I do declare and  
*p. 85.* “Concede, that we ought to *Repudiate*  
 “whatever is *Commentitious*, but that  
 “to *Attene* what is *Vernacular* is the  
 “*Putid Negoce* of a *Timid Idiom*. I  
 “have moreover, taken into my se-  
 “rious consideration the duty of true  
 “Spelling, and do Order and Com-  
 “mand,

## Dialogues of the Dead.

7

"mand, That no School-Mistress,  
 " Writing-Master, Gentleman, Young  
 " Lady, or Others, do by vertue, or  
 " under pretence of any *Metathesis*,  
 " *Syncope*, *Metastochie*, *Synecdoche*, or  
 " any other Figure whatsoever, pre- *Farnaby's*  
 " sume to write *Cruds* for *Curds*, *Rhetorick.*  
 " *Delphos* for *Delphi*. *Tnaph* for *Dis. p. 92.*  
 " Enough, *Tf* for *Wife*; but more  
 " particularly, that no one presume *Dis. p. 86.*  
 " to use *Cotemporary* for *Contemporary*,  
 " the Letter *n* being in that place of  
 " the utmost importance: but he  
 " may with Delight and Pleasure to  
 " his Readers transgress the Rules of *Ibid.*  
 " *Orthography*, and use the word *Co-*  
 " *gratulate* in a Jocosse Sense, as it is  
 " apply'd in the Writings of the most  
 " excellent Author beforemention'd.  
 " All this I establish under the Penal-  
 " ty of *Bentivoglio's* irresistible Cri-  
 " ticisms, and the utmost Displeasure  
 " of

*Claudius.*

This Edict *Claudius* desires may be  
 set up beyond the *Stygian* Lake, that  
 the

## Dialogues of the Dead.

the Shades may know how to act  
when they come hither.

Charon. Sir, your Request shall be  
comply'd with, but I must make haft  
away; for you know I am expected  
with impatience.

If these are the  
Disputes of the Persons of *Bellas Let-  
ters*, I am sure an Honest Skuller loses  
precious Time and Tide, whilst he  
stays to hear 'em.

“the most important: but he  
may with Delight and Pleasure to  
his Readers transcribe the Rules of  
“*Orthography*, and use the word Co-  
“*gnate* in a loose sense, as it is  
“applied in the Writings of the most  
“excellent Author before mention'd.  
“All this I establish under the Term  
“of *Belles Lettres*, and the most  
“valuable and the most agreeable  
“*Classics*.”

M I

Classics.

The *Belles Lettres* may be  
set beyond the *Classics*, that  
the

# IMPUDENCE: OR, THE SOPHIST.

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## *Phalaris and the Sophist.*

*Phalaris.* I Am told lately, since the coming over of *Schrevelius*, where-ever I go, that you lay claim to my *Epistles*, and say they were wrote by you.

*Sophist.* Perhaps, I may have done so, Sir, without Offence.

*Phalaris.* Without Offence! Shall a Prince be rifled of his Honour by a Pedant? Be told to his Face that his Works are not his own? *Daggers, Bulls, and Torments!*

*Sophist.* Not so Angry, good Sir, you know that here in the Shades all Persons are equal. Besides, Sir, it was always my Humour to Plume my self  
C with

## Dialogues of the Dead.

with borrow'd Feathers, and I never knew that the Cuckow did not lye In as decently as other Birds, though she never put her self to the trouble of building her Nest. And besides, Sir, though *Bentivoglio* took whole passages from *Nevelet*, and *Vizzanius*, yet they make no disturbance amongst the Shades, but here is such a stir because I am pleas'd to own your Epistles.

*Phalaris*. Were you in the other World, you would not have dar'd to have talk'd so to me.

*Sophist*. Nay, were you in the other World, *Bentivoglio* would not have spoke as he has done of you.

*Phalaris*. Impudence in perfection! Could such a Wretch as thou wast, be able to express such things as I have done. That Honour of Learned Men and Esteem of Good; That scorn of my Enemies, that Bounty to my Friends, that Knowledge of Life, and Contempt of Death. Don't my Thoughts flow with Freedom, and my native Firecness give Vigour to my Words, and animate all my Expressions.

*Sophist*.

Sir Will.  
Temple's  
Essays.

## Dialogues of the Dead.

11

*Sophist.* These Arguments might convince another Person, and perhaps you writ such a Book indeed, but I have Encouragement to take it upon me, and I will take it upon me.

*Phalaris.* What are the Reasons by which you will convince other People that my Epistles are yours.

*Sophist.* Look you, Sir, I am resolved to own them, and however improbable the thing may be, I have a Doctor to stand by me. And then, Sir, I shall endeavour to pacifie you with Reasons, if that will do it; my Arguments are from the uncertainty of the Time in which you liv'd, and consequently of such Persons who might be your Contemporaries, because you know there could never have been two of the same Name. Another Argument I draw from the Names of Sicilian Towns and Villages; which amongst the variety of little Common-wealths, and Changes of Principalities must needs be the most certain Rule imaginable to judge of time by, because we know the greatest Nations are in dispute concerning

## Dialogues of the Dead.

their own Originals. Then you, who are a *Dorian*, pretend to write *Attick*, which is as absurd as if a *Berwick-man* should write *Engliſh*; And laſtly, you have four *Sayings*, and ſix *Words*, that were not us'd till ſeveral Ages after you were born, as I am credibly inform'd.

*Phalaris*. Well, have you any more Arguments.

*Sophiſt*. Yes, Sir, I ſhall throw you in one Argument more that muſt confound you. Throughout all your *Epiſtles*, *There is not one word relating to the Old Gentlewoman, your Mother, which a Man of your Benevolence and Affection to your Family, could hardly have omitted; and in your Letters to your Son, there is no mention made either of the young Man's Duty to his Grand-Mother, or of her Love to him, and in your Letters to your Wife there is as great a ſilence about the Mother's kindneſs to her Daughter-in-law. Beſides, Whereas all the Ancients us'd to date their Letters, yours are without any Note, Place, or Time, that one cannot tell where, or when they were written.*

*Phalaris*.



## Dialogues of the Dead.

13

*Phalaris.* Radamanthus grant me Patience.

*Sophist.* Stay, Sir, but one Word more; you say the Epistles are *your own*, I say they are *my own*, and that *Bentivoglio* has prov'd them to be so, by Arguments that are *his own*.

---

Modern

## Modern Atchievements.

### *Butcher and Hercules.*

*Butcher.* **W**ELL, for all your blustering, were we in the other World, I would not have turn'd my Back to you, and if I had but a Quarter-staff, I would have ventur'd you with your Club for coming in with me.

*Hercules.* Did not I cleanse the *Aegean* Stables, and conquer the Bull of *Marathon*?

*Butcher.* And I have flav'd and tail'd at the *Bank-side* when the stoutest He would not venture; Was it not ~~then~~ when *Tom Dove* broke lose, and drove the Mob before him, took him by the Ring, and led him back to the Stake, with the universal Shouts of the Company? Besides, I question whether you ever saw a Bull-dog.

*Hercules.* You talk of mean Performances; But I subdu'd the *Lastri-gons*,

## Dialogues of the Dead.

75

gods, who us'd to Banquet upon Man's Flesh, and destroy'd Horses; that after they had eat the Meat from a Humane Body, would crash the Bones as other Palfries do Horse-beans. Perhaps, you never heard of these Stories.

Butcher. Not I.

Hercules. No, not you! Do you know what Authors say? That *Phalaris* long'd to eat a Child, and at last Dis. §12. §13. came to devour sucking Children, taking them from their Mothers Breasts to eat 'em; and that his own Son did not escape his Hunger. Do you know in what Olympiad the famous Emperor P. §36. Xerxes Butcher'd the Empress Atossa, Sister to Cambyfes, Wife to Darius, and his own natural Mother, and then eat her? No not you! Your Stature and Strength of Body makes you Proud, but your Ignorance in History renders you Contemptible. Read the Works of the Great *Bentivoglio* that are lately come over, and be Wiser.

Butcher. I don't know any thing about your Man-Eaters, but I know when, and where the Fellow run for the

## Dialogues of the Dead.

the great Bag-Pudding, and eat it when he had done; and I am sure, if this Story was well told, it would seem the more probable.

*Hercules.* You enrage me! Now by the Gods I have taken the *Thermoodontick* Belt from the Princess *Thalestris*,

*Butcher.* Hold a little, good Sir, I have flung down the Belt in *Moor-fields* when never a *Lincolns-Inn-Fields* Wrestler durst encounter me.

*Dis p. 52,  
53, 54.*

*Hercules.* What think you of *Hylus*, *Lycon*, and *Plato* the Wrestlers, *Cleanthes* the Cuffer, and twenty more of 'em. Oh the Glory of the former Ages! what Racing, what Running, what Wrestling, what Boxing at the *Olympiads*, the *Pythick* and *Nemean* Games, when the *Oak*, the *Pine* and *Parfly* Garlands remain'd the Reward of their Victories.

*Butcher.* In truth, Sir, I believe the *Cornish* Hug would have puzzl'd the Art of your Philosophers; and that a Prize at Back Sword, with the other Weapons, as Dagger, Faulchion, and the rest, may be as well worth admiration, as your hard nam'd *Olympiads*

piads that you make such a rout with. Hereafter I would have all the Wenches that win the Smock at *Astrop*, and the Fellows that get the Hat and Feathers throughout *England* by Boxing and Cudgle-playing to be put in the Chronicle, and take place above the High-Constable.

*Hercules*. What can you have seen like the Horse-racing in *Greece*; for after the *Apene*, which was drawn by Mules, and first was us'd at the *Olympicks* in the 70th *Olympiad*, was cried down in the 84th *Olympiad*; the Race of Horses was improv'd to admiration.

*Butcher*. This may be true; but as soon as I was, I could have laid my Leg over a good piece of Horse-Flesh, and with a hundred Guineas in my Pocket have rode to *New-Market*, where *Dragon*, or *Why-not*, *Honey-cum-punch*, or *Stiff-Dick*, should have run for it against any *Grecian* Horse that you, or any of your Forefathers could have produc'd.

*Hercules*. You would still pretend to out-do the Ancients; but let me tell you one thing, which I did, which

D

I must

*Dis. p.*  
 114, 115, I must own my Thanks to *Bentivoglio*,  
 116. is by him Recorded to Posterity. I  
 had a mind to go to *Erythrae*, an I-  
 sland in the Western Ocean, and how  
 do you think I got thither? In a  
 Ship, you will say; No! in a *Brazen*  
*Ship*? No, In a *Cauldron*? No! In a  
*Brazen Cauldron*? No! In a *Golden*  
*Bed*? No! How then, you will say  
 in the Name of Wonder? Why, in  
 short, I got the Sun to lend me his *Gol-*  
*den Cup* to sail in, and I scudded away  
 as well as if I had had all the Wind  
 and Sail imaginable.

*Butcher.* And no such great matter  
 at last! I remember as I was boast-  
 ing one day of my Exploits to a good  
 jolly *Muscovite* at the *Bear-Garden*, he  
 told me that *St. Nicholas* came to their  
 Country sailing upon a Mill-Stone,  
 which I thought as humourfome a  
 Passage as your Cup. But to be short  
 and plain with you, I have Witnesses  
 both on this side and t'other side of  
*Stryx*, that saw me Row my self from  
 the Horse-Ferry to the other side of  
 the Water in my own Tray, with a  
 couple of Trenchers; and there is a  
*Tray*

Dialogues of the Dead.

19

*Tray* and a *Mill Stone* for your *Cup* and your *Cauldron*.

*Hercules*. I find you will have the last word.

*Butcher*. Well, since he is gone, I think I may say, That the Persons who have liv'd lately, are only wanting to themselves, and that it is the Negligence of our Ballad-Singers that makes us be talk'd of less than others, for who almost, besides *St. George*, *King Arthur*, *Bevis*, *Guy*, and *Hickathrift*, are in the *Chronicles*? Our great Scholars are so much taken up with such Fellows as this *Hercules*, *Hyllus the Wrestler*, *Cleanthes the Cuffer*, *Phalaris* and *Xerxes the Man-Eaters*, that they never mind *My Actions*, nor several others of their own Country-Men.

SELF

# SELF-LOVE, OR THE BEAU.

*Ricardo, Narcissus.*

Lord Bacon's Essays.

*Ricardo.* Augustus died in a Complement, Tiberius in Disimulation, Vespasian in a Jest, Galba with a Sentence, Severus in Dispatch, and you in Love.

*Narcissus.* I think my self happy in my Death, since it was in pursuance of so justifiable a Passion as that of Self-love; for all the World must own that I was charmingly Beautiful.

*Ricardo.* Why truly, I think, That a Critick, as *Bentivoglio* for Example, has as much reason to value himself upon, as you had, or rather more. And indeed, are not his Works full of himself, and is he at all sparing in his own Commendations?

*Dis. Pref.*  
from p. 1.  
p. 112.



## Dialogues of the Dead.

71

mentations? Does he blush to hear himself prais'd, or rather spread his gayest Feathers to the best advantage, and then Amplifies, Expatiates and Comments upon himself that belov'd Subject? In short, has he not done himself *True Honour* by his improvement of the *Parodia* of the *Salt-cellar*, and then assuming that warmth and haughtiness, which are the *Companions* of such as are *Conscious* of their own *Merit*. Well, I am satisfy'd you could never have been so handsome as he is Learned and Ingenious in his own Eyes.

*Narcissus*. Might three Pimples at once have seiz'd my Complexion, if you don't amaze a Person of my Fondness for my own Accomplishments! Did not my Perfections occasion me the Envy of my Sex?

*Ricardo*. And will not even Envy it self be forc'd to allow that *Bentivoglio's* Discovery concerning *Anapasts* is no inconsiderable one? And does not he speak Truth, when he says the Criticks tell him *That Rumpantur ut ilia Codris*. *Altho' the Coars burst with Spleen*,

*Dis. from*

*P. 1, 20 P.*

549.

*Prof. p. 80,*

84.

*Prof. Dis.*

*p. 59, 60.*

*Prof. p.*

101. 102.

*P. 121.*

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*P. 121.*

*P. 121.*

## Dialogues of the Dead.

*Spleen, yet he will be esteem'd by all that Cultivate Humanity.*

*Narcissus.* All the Nymphs address'd to me in the softest Words, and most languishing Expressions.

*Ricardo.* And can any thing be more tender than what the Criticks tell *Bentivoglio*, That *the* keep his Epistles more carefully than dry'd Grapes, or preserv'd Pine Apples:

*Præf. p. 53.* *Qui omnia Tua Custodit diligenter Nigris Uvis.* That he arrides to the Palace as soon as tasted, and is the very Ogllo of all Musical Dainties.

*Præf. p. 80.* *Videbis hic Lector studiose Muscarum Cupediarum & aliud quod Tuo palato simul ac gustaris, sat scio arridebis mirifice.*

*Narcissus.* Did not Sighs and Tears attend my Neglect, and was not Death the Companion of my Disdain?

*Ricardo.* And does not *Bentivoglio's* All-correcting Pen, when once drawn forth, make all the Criticks tremble? Is *Vossius* secure? Is *Scaliger* without his Faults? Don't *Stobæus* and *Pollux* know their distance? Nay, can even the *Etymologicon*, or the *Scholias*t be then

Dialogues of the Dead.

23

then suppos'd to be unblameable.

*Narcissus.* Eccho, declares the force of my Charms, and tho' a miserable, yet is a lasting Monument of my Conquest.

*Ricardo.* Eccho repeats only the last and dying sounds of Sentences, whereas *Bentivoglio* knows that he has the full Voice of Fame, He has receiv'd Thanks from all the Lovers of *Polite Learning*, and his worth has long ago reach'd these Shades, and has put the Ghost of *Reubenius* to an uneasiness to know how to return the Obligations receiv'd from him. Pref. p. 48, 49.

*Narcissus.* The Gods took care that I should not be forgotten in the other World, each Spring revives my Flower which preserves my Name, and is the greatest Beauty in the Garlands of all Nymphs that lament my absence.

*Ricardo.* But the Great *Bentivoglio* has more sublime Glory! What Emperors were flatter'd with when Dead, That he has gain'd deservedly whilst living, He is a Star already, and if he proceeds in his Learned Labours may become

*Prof. p.*  
79, 81.

become a Constellation. He is Reverenc'd by all for being the *New and Rising-Star*, and the *brightest light of Britain*; Whereas, Sir, for your Flowers a Man may have a Basketful of you in the Market for Sixpence.

*Narcissus.* Well, I will hide my self in the thickest Shades of Myrtles; there Contemplate upon my own Perfections, and ever now and then in some neighbouring Fountain (since I cannot fear a second Death) gaze upon my own Beauty, Farewel fond Critick: Languish in thy Misfortune, since thou dost not comprehend my worth, which I alone know how to value.

*Ricardo.* Alas he flies! And now methinks I begin already to repent of what I have done. How unsincere are all Humane Pleasures, something still intervenes to Tarnish the lustre of our Triumphs. I may have gain'd the Better of *Narcissus*, but then I grieve to think that after his Example, some day or other, even my Friend *Ben-rivoglio's* Self-Love may chance to be put out of Countenance.

T H E

# T H E DICTIONARY.

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*Hesychius and Gouldman.*

*Hesychius.* **O**H! Brother Gouldman, I am heartily glad to meet you. You must have heard the News; *Bentivoglio* has vindicated the Worth and Honour of all Dictionaries: He has read *half of me*, and has made *Honourable mention of me* in all his Works, he has *restor'd me* in *ten Thousand places*, and *Collated me* with all the Manuscripts in the World but those in the King of *Poland's* Library. Methinks you don't seem so pleas'd with the News as you ought to be. Are you not concern'd for the Wit, Reputation, and Honour of one that can write a Dictionary? You seem so unconcerned, as if you had no Opinion of the Matter.

*Dissert.  
Throughbeni*

E Gouldman.

## Dialogues of the Dead.

*Gouldman.* Prethee Brother *Hefychius*, don't trouble me with the Story of a Fellow that has read your Labours, for I am perswaded that he must have a very small Library, and little to do, that reads a Dictionary.

*Hefychius.* Not read a Dictionary! Why I knew a Man that read all the Volumes of *Stephen's Thesaurus* thrice over.

*Gouldman.* I thought Dictionaries had been made not to have been read, but turn'd to. Besides, some are too Voluminous. There came out in *Arabia* some Centuries ago, a Dictionary of three or four Folio's, which contains nothing else but the several parts of a Camel, and the words that are properly us'd in the Dressing and Equipping of it. Do you think it would be worth while to make one of equal bulk concerning Horses, for the use of the *Europeans*? How many Grooms in the *Mense*, or Jockies in *Smithfield*, do you think would read it?

*Hefychius.* You are the most provoking Shade that walks. What no Wit, Breeding, Complaisance, Politics,

## Dialogues of the Dead.

27

ticks, Knowledge of Men and Manners, to be learn'd out of Dictionaries. Prove it, prove it. Hear him, hear him.

*Gouldman.* I grant that all Wit, Arts, Genteel and Mannerly Conversation, are contain'd in Dictionaries just as they are in the Alphabet, and in some measure, more properly: Because they contain Words, but then the joyning them is the Art our Dictionaries will never teach a Man; for suppose I was to discourse in Politicks, my first word I find in your 119th Page, your second in the 204th, and the third perhaps, an 100 Pages after, now this is too much for mortal Man to carry in his Memory.

*Hesychius.* So then, you would have a Man put words together, properly to make sence of 'em? Very fine! How then could I, or my Friend *Bentivoglio* be Authors? But let me hear you, as to the Wit of Dictionaries.

*Gouldman.* Why, I believe that the Person who pretends to have discover'd any Wit, even in you Brother,

## Dialogues of the Dead.

has found out more than ever you design'd to teach him.

*Hesychius.* Astonishment! Does not more of *Homers* Wit appear in his *Eustathius* and *Dydimus* than in his *Iliads*? And is not *Clavis Homerica* better than either? And *Seberus's Index* a wiser Book than any of them all? What Man won't own that *Erythraus* has done more service to *Virgil*, than *Ogylby* has by Translating him?

*Gouldman.* At the same rate, I suppose, you will Compliment me, and tell me that the proper Names at the end of my Dictionary, are a better History than *Hollingshead*, *Heylin* and *Howel*, altogether. Now you see the use of my Letter *H*.

*Hesychius.* Why so they are! But can there be more Wit than in an Etymology, of which, you are full from all Languages?

*Gouldman.* Etymologies may indeed furnish Materials for Quiblers, Punditers, and Conundrum-Makers, but these sorts of Wit are as much out of use as Hammer'd Money.

*Hesychius.*



## Dialogues of the Dead.

29

*Hesychius*. But I hope they will be in Esteem again, when my Works are restor'd by the hand of the Great *Bentivoglio*. But is not the Order of a Dictionary admirable? Has not *Ju- Dis. 4.*  
*lius Pollux* a most incomparable Fluency? Is not *Harpocration* an exquisite Politician? *Meursius's* Glossary of the Greek and Barbarous Words, most Harmonious? Does not *Passer* contend with *Schrevelius*, and *Schrevelius* with *Passer*, and both observe the Conquest? But you don't seem to have a just esteem for your own Works; *Tanti eris aliis quanti tibi fueris*, as the Poet *Calepin* has it. Be sure think as well of *Your self* for writing a Dictionary as *Bentivoglio* does of *himself* for reading one, and the World must think well of you.

[Affecta-]

# AFFECTION OF THE Learned Lady.

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*Bellamira, Calphurnia.*

*Bellamira.* YOU seem, Madam, to have been strangely delighted with the *Belles Lettres* whilst you were in the other World.

*Calphurnia.* Why truly, Madam, I was thought to have had a Relish for 'em, and not to have been *Sans quelque goût* in the *Belle Maniere*.

*Bellamira.* Reading may be allowable in our Sex, when we have little else to do, especially if the Subject be diverting, but your *Toilette* us'd always to be heap'd with such Books as frighted me to look into 'em.

*Calphurnia.* Having an Acquaintance among the Learned, sometimes I had

Dialogues of the Dead.

31

I had spread before me the Works of *Fansenius*, and Mr. *Arnaud*, *Stephens's Thesaurus, des Cartes*, *Causabon's Athenus*, *Kircher*, *Lipsius*, *Taubmannus*, with such like Authors and Manuscripts innumerable.

*Bellamira*. Indeed, Madam, you us'd to make such an appearance abroad, as if you bestow'd your time in your Dressing-Room different from other Ladies.

*Calphurnia*. I was so Visited in a Morning by the Virtuosi, Criticks, Poets, Booksellers, so taken up with my Correspondence with the Learned both at Home and Abroad, that I had little time to talk with my Milliner, Dresser, Mantua-Maker, and such illiterate People.

*Bellamira*. Such a Levee for a Lady is not very common, but they who had a Capacity for such Company, must needs have been very well entertain'd.

*Calphurnia*. Oh infinitely! The Company most charming! I could have wish'd for your sake, Madam, that you had understood Latin and Greek,

## Dialogues of the Dead.

Greek, I could have recommended to your Acquaintance so profound a Scholar.

*Bellamira.* To what intent, Madam?

*Calphurnia.* Why you, Madam, were a Person very Nice and Exact in your Dress, your Table and Apartments. I have heard him, Madam, give such a Description of a Commode from a Satyr of *Juvenal*, that your Ladyship could not have found fault with the Air of it. Then he illustrated the Text with the Comments of *Lubin*, *Holyday*, and others, to that degree, Madam, *Compagibus altis adificare Caput*; Madam! Oh charming! beyond any thing, even of the French Madam.

*Bellamira.* You are obliging to assist me in this matter; for I ignorantly took the Fashion as I found it.

*Calphurnia.* A Gentleman came one Morning with several various readings upon *Vitruvius*, and from thence perswaded me that the Frame of my Looking-Glass was the most injudicious Piece of Architecture that could be

## Dialogues of the Dead.

33

be, that the Bases were Dorick, the Capitals Corinthian, and the Architrave perfectly Barbarous, for which reason I went abroad without Patches, till such Absurdities were entirely Mended and Corrected by his Direction.

*Bellamira.* I remember in *Don Quixote*, one of my Authors, the Marquis of *Mantua*, when he had sworn to revenge the Death of his Nephew *Valdovinos*, was not to Eat on a Table-cloth till he had perform'd it. But was not yours too severe a Mortification for the Ignorance of your Cabinet-maker? But, Pray, Madam, who was this knowing Person?

*Calphurnia.* It was the same great *Virtuoso* Signior *Bentivoglio*, a Person of the most known Merit then Breathing. I did nothing in my Family without his direction. He has often taken his Bill of Fare out of *Athenaeus*, and cover'd my Table with the most surprizing Dishes imaginable. Ordinary Persons content themselves with modern Soupes, but after my acquaintance with him, nothing

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p. 377,  
379.

379.

but the Black *Lacedamonian* Broth might be set before us. He gave the bravest sounding Greek Names from *Simon's Art of Cookery*, and the *Gastronomia*, such *Oulions*, *Groulions*, *Floios* and *Toios*, to the end of every thing, that it was most charming. He made the most delicious *Alphiton* of the Ancients, far exceeding our Hasty-Pudding. I remember once at the sight of a Piece of Roast-Beef he repeated such a rumbling description out of *Homer* of the Beef sent up to *Agamemnon*, that I profess my Lady *Cornelia's* Children ran away frightened, long before the *Melimela* and *Ma-la Aurea*, which the Ignorant call the Desert, could possibly be set upon the Table.

*Bellamira*. I profess, Madam, I had rather have gone without a Desert, nay, a second Course, than have had things with such Hidious Names set before me. But, Madam, do Learned Men trouble themselves about such Affairs as these are?

*Calphurnia*. Oh! Madam, *No Man can be a Scholar without being Expert in the*

Dialogues of the Dead.

35

*the whole method of Athenæus's Cookery.*

What Quarrels, Madam, do you think there have been between Grave and Learned Men, about spelling a Greek Word, that has been only one single Ingredient of a Patty-pan. Pray read *Athenæus*, Madam, and you will be convinc'd of it.

*Bellamira.* Sure, Learned Men won't quarrel about Trifles?

*Calphurnia.* Oh! Madam, rather than any thing. Why as I have read in several Authors, *Timotheus*, a Grammarian, upon a Dispute concerning a Greek word, laid his Beard to a Chechine, with the great Scholar *Philelphus*. The old Gentleman lost, and his Adversary was so unmerciful as to cut it off, and hang it upon his Chair, as a Monument of his Victory.

*Bellamira.* A Cruelty in my Opinion too insulting.

*Calphurnia.* Oh! Madam, I had forgot one thing, I most heartily beg your Pardon. *Bentivoglio* one day shew'd me the Name of a Pudding in one of *Aristophanes* his Plays;

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which,

## Dialogues of the Dead.

which, if it were wrote at its full length, would be as long as your Ladyship's Tippet.

*Bellamira.* I fancy this Outlandish way of furnishing your Table, was the reason why Persons of Quality avoided eating with you, especially having Company that discours'd so much above 'em.

*Calphurnia.* I was so involv'd in the Greek, that I protest, Madam, I had entirely forgot the necessary Ingredients for Lemmon Cream, and Jelly of Harts-horn.

*Bellamira.* Perhaps, that might be the reason you appear'd so seldom in the Park, and were so very long before you return'd a Visit that had been paid you.

*Calphurnia.* My Day for the Ladies was but once a Fortnight, but every day for the *Virtuosi*. But, pray, Madam, how did you spend your time, and fit your self for Conversation?

*Bellamira.* Why, Madam, my own Affairs took up some part of my time; Musick and Drawing diverted me



me now and then ; I had sometimes a fancy for Work, I now and then went to see a Play, when I lik'd the Company I went with better than those I usually found there ; I made my self as easie as I could to my Acquaintance, and I have still the vanity to think I was not disagreeable to them, and I did not find but if one of us make out in Civility what we want in Learning, but we might pass our time well enough in the World.

*Calphurnia.* If you can satisfy your self with such Trifles, I am your Servant, Madam, and Adieu.

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CHRO.

# CHRONOLOGY.

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*Lilly the Astrologer, Helvicus.*

*Lilly.* **W**H Y as Matters go now with *Chronology*, it signifies nothing what we do. There is no value for Exactness; To what end have we Studied? what becomes of our Decimals, Sexagesimals, Algorithms of Fractions, Parabolisms, Hypobybasms, Paralelopipeds, and Zenzes; when we have flung away a Day, nay, sometimes a Week, to preserve the least imaginary part of a Moment, What Honours are at last confer'd upon us? Father Time may e'en bestow his Hour-Glass upon what Parish-Church he pleases, and next Hay-Harvest for want, or else diversion, Mow his way down from *Paddington* to *Cumberland*.

*Helvicus.* Why in such a Passion, Brother *Lilly*?

*Lilly,*

## Dialogues of the Dead.

39

*Lilly.* Brother *Lilly*! You make very free with me. I am none of your Brother, the Great *Bentivoglio* may indeed call me Brother, since the Publication of his *Eternal Labours*. He equals the *Chronological Tables* See Diss. that I yearly Publish'd, and then he is the most exact Man at the Original of a *Sicilian City*, that amidst never so great variety of Authors. He can tell you the Man that laid the first Stone of it. There was not a Potter in *Athens*, or a Brasier in *Corinth*, but he knows when he set up, and who took out a Statute of Bankrupt against him.

*Helvicius.* Why this is great Learning indeed!

*Lilly.* Why so it is, Sir; Do you know whether *Thericles* made *Glass* Dissert. 4. about Thericles clean Cups. or *Earthen-ware*, or what *Olympiad* he liv'd in?

*Helvicius.* Truly not I, but do the Fortunes of *Greece* depend upon it?

*Lilly.* Thus you would encourage Ignorance; my Brother *Bentivoglio* and I, have Studied many years upon things of less Importance; some of which

## Dialogues of the Dead.

which I shall name to you, as that Carp and Hops came into *England* the same Year with Heresie. That the first Weather-cock was set upon the Tomb of *Zethys* and *Calais*, Sons of *Boreas*, in the time of the *Argonautick* Expedition. That *Mrs. Turner* brought up the Fashion of yellow Starch. That the *Sybarites* first laid Rose-Cakes and Lavender among their Linnen. That *Sardanapalus* was the Inventor of Cushions, which never before this last Century have been improv'd into easy Chairs, by the Metamorphosis of cast Mantuas and Petti-coats, to the ruin of Chamber-Maids. And yet we thought our time well spent, I must tell you.

*Helvicius*. Are any of these things in *Usher's Annals*, or *Simpson's Chronicle*?

*Lilly*. Perhaps not; but we stand upon their Shoulders, and therefore see things with greater exactness, perhaps never Man came to the same pitch of Chronology as the much Esteem'd *Bentivoglio*. He has got the true Standard by which to judge of the *Grecian*

## Dialogues of the Dead.

41

*Grecian time: He knows the Age of any Greek Word, unless it be in the Greek Testament, and can tell you the time a Man liv'd in, by reading a Page of his Book, as easily as I could have told an Oyfter-Woman's Fortune when my hand was crost with a piece of Silver.*

*Helvicius.* This is admirable! why then it seems Words have their Chronology and Phrases, their Rise and Fall, as well as the four Monarchies.

*Lilly.* Very right; let *Bentivoglio* but get a Sentence of Greek in his Mouth, and turn it once or twice upon his Tongue, and he as well knows the growth of it, as a *Vintner* does *Burgundy* from *Maderas*.

*Helvicius.* For shame, give over. You and *Bentivoglio* are a disgrace to Chronology; which is a Study that has, and does employ the care of the greatest Men in Church and State. Nothing can be of more use than the Periods they fix, both for the Illustration of History, and the Service of Religion. But I must own that *The-*

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*ricles's*

## Dialogues of the Dead.

*ricke's Crookery-wart* does not fall under these grave Enquirers Notice. Consider farther, That Men of true Learning will always be Honour'd whilst their Mimicks are despis'd

old an Officer Warrant's Fortune when my hand was cut with a piece

of Silver.

Why This is admirable! why then I learn Words have their Choice and Phrases, and Rile and all, as well as the

Very right

and turn it out of two or three

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THE IMPOSTURE.

Heraclitus, Democritus.

Heracitus. Alas! Alas! The World it seems continues still the same, Lies, Mistakes, Dis- 331, Cheats, Forgeries, and Impostures, 239, 339, are Publish'd, and Defended amongst 374, 800 the Learned, as much as ever; Alas! Alas!

Democritus. Cheer up your Spirits, Old Spark, the World owes half its Ease, Content and Happiness to Deceit.

(betray, Tasso from So to his Cure we the Sick Youth Lucretius,

(ney lay;

And round the Cup persuasive Ho- (receiv'd,

The Bitter Draught thus by the Boy (ceiv'd,

Preserves his Life for being well de-

## Dialogues of the Dead.

A Coxcomb is the Object of Envy, rather than Pity. When you weep to see Sharpers impose upon his Sense, Bullies upon his Courage, and Pedants upon his Understanding. He laughs at your Tears, and I laugh at his Follies.

*Heracitus.* Who without concern will consider that Pythagoras should write Verses, and put Orpheus's Name to them? That Heracles should be such an Imposture, as to Counterfeit Thespis's Play, and impose upon Clemens Alexandrinus, Boetius, and Plutarch amongst others. Alas! the very Laws of Charondas and Zaleucus are spurious Cheats, and false Impostures, whilst Diodorus, Strabo, and Others, have as much as in them lay, contributed to the Villany.

*Democritus.* Defer your Passion, the other side of these Propositions may chance to be true: Besides, you pass no great Compliment upon Learning, when you would show your Learned Men of Antiquity to be either Fools or Rascals. You may easily guess by this Smile, what the generality of By-  
Standers



## Dialogues of the Dead.

45

Standers will be apt to do upon this occasion.

*Heracitus.* But O! *Phalaris!* *Phalaris!* Notwithstanding the Dissertations of *Bentivoglio*, the *Sophist* imposes his *spurious* Epistles upon the World, under his Name, and the Examiner, who has undertaken his Defence, has met with a kind Reception from the World whilst none complain but I and *Bentivoglio*.

*Democritus.* Whilst Life, Spirit, and a great Genius, shine throughout the Epistles, and whilst Wit, Judgment, and Learning go along with the Examiner, Men will read 'em. In the mean time dry your Eyes, and assure your self, your Friend *Bentivoglio* will never be useless as long as there are any *Grocers*.

You seem more pale than ordinary all of a sudden! What is the matter?

*Heracitus.* The Stone! the Stone! the Stone!

*Democritus.* You can't be troubl'd with that, since your Shade can feel no Pain.

*Heracitus.*

## Dialogues of the Dead.

*Heracitus.* It is the Marble, that is the thing that grieves me.

*Democritus.* Pray, what has this Marble done?

*Heracitus.* Time has devour'd it.

*Democritus.* If that be all, that is a thing common to all Marble.

*Heracitus.* Oh! but this which is eaten is in the most material place for the purpose. For without a Man can make sense of

Dis. p.  
205.

and read whole Lines where no Letters can be seen, the Age of Tragedy, which is an important Matter can never be determin'd.

p. 389.

*Democritus.* You are much besides the Mark; old Friend, if you would have a Stone legible. A huge Marble would sell for nothing, if it had above a dozen Letters on it. That's the Stone for Money that requires Spectacles, and an Iron-Feskew to make Letters where a Man can't find 'em; It is not a Criticks business to read Marbles, but out of Broken pieces to guess at 'em, and then positively to restore 'em. As the misunderstanding

Pres.

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## Dialogues of the Dead.

47

ing of this at present, has caus'd you some disturbance; so the Contemplation of an Antiquary for the future, may create you very good Diversion.

*Heraclitus.* You seem not to have a just Relish of Antiquity, whilst I deplore those irreparable losses which time has occasion'd. Not a Mortal now Breathing knows the shape of Nestor's Cap, nor what were the Disputes of the Old Grammarians about it, since them any Treatises which were written upon that Subject are now perish'd and sunk in Oblivion. p. 119;

*Democritus.* Well, I will procure you a Catalogue from Bentivoglio of such Books as have been lost and are found, such as have been lost and are not found; and in short, of such as have neither been lost nor found. But my Heart won't break as long as there are such Dissertations remaining, as The History of Coffee, Tea, Chocolate, and Tobacco.

The Theological Collation occasion'd by the words, *Tirez, Mirez, Beuf*, that is, *Take, Look, Drink*, by the profound Scholar, *Adrian Vander Bliff*.

The

## Dialogues of the Dead.

The Treatise of Norshallerton Ale.  
The Interlude of Ale, Toast, Sugar,  
Nutmeg and Tobacco, with the Contest  
of Toast for having rub'd himself against  
Nutmeg.

Learn to lie warm, proving the ne-  
cessity for a Young Man to Marry an Old-  
Woman.

These Writings to me supply the  
place of all Authors that have writ  
about the shape of Cups since the Reign  
of Saturn.

Heraclitus. Whilst in the mean time  
my Grief is insupportable!

Democritus. Come, put off your  
Chagrin, and take a little of my good  
Humour along with you. I will\* 1. Rail  
with you, 2. Quibble with you, 3. Quote  
Proverbs with you, 4. Dispute with  
you, 5. Pan with you, 6. Cut Greek  
Capers with you, 7. tell a Gossips Tale  
with you, 8. Sing a Smutty Catch with  
you. Any thing to divert you, and  
yet all shall be according to Art, and  
the exact Method of your Friend Ben-  
tivoglio. I see you look sowre, and  
begin to frown upon me. How  
true a saying is it that one Man may  
steel

## Dialogues of the Dead.

49

steal a Horse with less danger, than another look over the Hedge. Should I do any of these things of my own Head, I know how I should be censur'd, and what would become of me. But when I act under the pretence of being a great Scholar, and the open protection of such an Authority as that of *Bentivoglio*, I dare be as Fanciful as any *Dissertator* of 'em all.

(1.) P. 408. If I say that Grass is green, or Snow is white, I am still at the Courtessie of my Antagonist; for if he should rub his Forehead, and deny it, I do not see by what Syllogism I should refute him.

(2.) P. 361. In a Body of Laws any Metaphor at all makes but an odd Figure. p. 277. Mr. B. is pleas'd to call that Dissertation my soft Epistle to Dr. Mill, which is ironically said for hard, and indeed to confess the Truth, it is too hard for him to bite at.

(3.) P. 351. Such a Trade would have been as unprofitable as to carry Sylphium to Cyrene, or Frankincense to Arabia, or Coals to Newcastle. (4.) p. 297. It is as if some Boy should thus argue with his Master, Pomum may signifie Malum, an Apple, and Pomum may signifie Cefalum

H

falum

## Dialogues of the Dead.

rasum a Cherry ; therefore Malum an Apple, may signifie Cerasum a Cherry. (5.) p. 203. Stratonicus the Musician, made a Quibble about it for as he once was in Mylala, a City that had few Inhabitants in it, but a great many Temples, he comes into the Market-place as if he would Proclaim something, but instead of *Αἰὸς Ναι*, as the Form us'd to be, he said *Αἰὸς Ναι*. which is so good in Greek that it cannot be Translated. (6.) From p. 264. to 269. Make room there, for I am beginning a Dance that's enough to strain a Man's side with the violent Motion. Pollux says of the Dances of Women, they were to kick their Heels higher than their Shoulders. And in Phrynichus's way, Frisk and Caper, so as the Spectators seeing your Legs aloft, may cry out with admiration : With a Dissertation concerning an Error in Aristophanes, which has continu'd ever since Adrian's time, whether Phrynichus sneaks like a Cock, or rather strikes like a Cock. A very material Question! (7.) p. 224. A certain Gossip of Old, as the Story goes, would needs tell her Comrades what Jupiter once whisper'd

## Dialogues of the Dead.

51

to Juno in her Ear. The Company was inquisitive how she could know it then: But Mr. B. would have answer'd for her, That they might as well ask her how she came to know his Name was Jupiter. Fame that told her the one, must tell her the other too. (8.) p. 357. A Greek Song in Athæneus. They are the words of a Woman to her Lover, that he would rise before her Husband comes home and catches 'em.

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Mo-

# Modern Learning,

Signior *Moderno*, Signior *Indifferentio*.

*Indifferentio*. **W**Here have you been *Moderno*? in the Name of Wonder! you make such a hideous Figure, and are so Dirty, that no Gentleman would come near you? What has your Horse thrown you? Or what's the matter?

*Moderno*. The matter! Why I have been in a Ditch.

*Indifferentio*. By some Accident, I suppose.

*Moderno*. Accident! No, you know better sure than that. Gentlemen of my Estate, Fortune, Education, Parts and Learning, don't use to go into a Ditch by Accident, but choice. There has been more true Experience in Natural Philosophy gather'd out of Ditches in this latter Century, than  
Pliny



## Dialogues of the Dead.

53

Pliny and Aristotle were Masters of both together, though one was of the first Quality in Rome, and the other was Master to the Founder of the third Monarchy\*.

\* This is what our Age has seen ; and <sup>Reflections</sup> it is not the less admirable, because all <sup>upon An-</sup> of it, perhaps, cannot be made immedi- <sup>cient and</sup> ately useful to Humane Life : It is an <sup>Modern</sup> excellent Argument to prove, That it <sup>P. 313,</sup> is not Gain alone which biasses the Pur- <sup>314.</sup> suits of the Men of this Age after Knowledge ; for here are numerous Instances of Learned Men, who, finding other parts of Natural Learning taken up by Men, who, in all probability would leave little for After-comers, have, rather than not contribute their proportion towards the Advancement of Knowledge, spent a World of Time, Pains and Cost, in Examining the Excrecencies of all the Parts of Trees, Shrubs and Herbs, in observing the Critical Times of the Changes of all sorts of Caterpillars and Maggots, in finding out, by the Knife and Microscopes, the minutest Parts of the smallest Animals, Examining every Creature, and poring in every Ditch, in tracing

## Dialogues of the Dead.

*tracing every Insect up to its Original Egg; and all this with as great Diligence, as if they had had an Alexander to have given them as many Talents, as he is said to have given to his Master Aristotle.*

*Indifferentio.* But what may have been your Diversion in *this Ditch*?

*Moderno.* Why I have been a *Tadpole* hunting, and have had very good sport, only at last the Rain disturb'd it, just as I had found out the feat of their Animal Spirits.

*Indifferentio.* Is it not a little too soon in the Season for *Tadpoles*?

*Moderno.* Something too soon, but a Man is so satiated with the Winter Sports within Doors, as *Rat-catching, Mouse-slaying, Crevice-searching for Spiders, Cricket dissecting*, and the like; that the Spring leads us into the Fields upon its first approaches.

*reflections  
upon An-  
cient and  
Modern  
Learning.  
v. p. 312.*

*Indifferentio.* Pray, Sir, have you not some Diversions peculiar to the Summer?

*Moderno.* Oh! yes! infinite, infinite! *Maggots, Flies, Gnats, Buzzes, Chaffers, Humble-Bees, Wasps, Grasshoppers,*

## Dialogues of the Dead.

55

*hoppers, and in a good Year Catterpillars in abundance.*

*Indifferentio.* I thought some of these things did harm, especially Maggots and Catterpillars.

*Moderno.* How extreamly a Man may be mistaken that has not Learning; the most useful Knowledge imaginable may be gather'd from 'em by a Philosopher. Goedartius and Swam-  
merdam became Eminent for this business. *Reflections upon Ancient and Modern Learning.*  
Goedartius has given exact Histories of the several changes of great Numbers of Catterpillars into Butter-flies and Worms; and Maggots into Flies, which had never before been taken notice of as specifically different. *p. 310. 311.*

*Indifferentio.* You inform me of things I was not so well vers'd in before.

*Moderno.* A Friend of mine has *Ibid. p. 310.*  
Studied all those Excrescences and Smallings which appear in Summer-time upon the Leaves of tender Twigs, Fruits, and Roots of many Trees, Shrubs, and Herbs, from whence several sorts of Insects spring, which are all caus'd by Eggs laid there by full grown Insects of their own  
Kinds

Reflections  
upon Anci-  
ent and  
Modern  
Learning.  
P. 310.

Ibid. p.  
309.

*Kinds.* Another Friend of mine has made many Observations upon Insects that live, and are carry'd about upon the Bodies of other Insects, and oftentimes upon the Bodies of Rational Beings, whence he has given admirable Reasons, why Idle dirty Boys scratch their Heads, and Beggars shrug their Shoulders. He has examin'd likewise abundance of those Insects which are believ'd to be produc'd from the Putrefaction of Flesh, those he found to grow from Eggs laid by other Insects of the same Kind. He told me they were a very Prolifick and Voracious sort of Animal, and that as for their Eggs, a Butcher would not give a Groat for ten Millions of them.

*Indifferentio.* So that it seems the Ancients eat their Meat as soon as they had kill'd it, but in after Ages the Women not being so good House-Wives left the Maggots of Putrify'd Meat to be discern'd by the Glasses of their Husbands.

*Moderno.* You seem to smile.

*Indifferentio.* I protest, Sir, I am as Grave as the things you discourse  
of

of will possibly give me leave. You may imagine I am better bred than to laugh at a Man that talks seriously as you do, in my Conscience.

*Moderno.* I am very glad to find you so well dispos'd. *For I think that* <sup>Reflections upon Ancient and Modern Learning.</sup> *all these excellent Men do highly deserve Commendation for these seemingly useless Labours, and the more, since they run the hazard of being laugh'd at by* <sup>p. 27.</sup> *Men of Wit. For nothing wounds so* <sup>419.</sup> *much as Jest, and when Men once become Ridiculous, their Labours will be slighted, and they will find few Imitators. How far this may deaden the Industry of the Philosophers of the next Age, is not easie to tell.*

*Indifferentio.* I hope I shall be no occasion of so great a Mischief as *the deadning the Industry of the Philosophers* in a Design so truly Noble. But, pray, since you have been so kind to inform me, let me understand something farther concerning the Knowledge of the Ancients, for I hitherto took them to be *Men of Letters.*

*Moderno.* Scarce that Sir, for I take Grammar to be necessary in the first place. I *Indif.*

*Reflections  
upon An-  
cient and  
Modern  
Learning.  
p. 58.*

*Indifferentio.* Certainly, Sir!

*Moderno.* Now, I suppose it will be granted that if a *Stranger* understand the Language of a Native better than the Native himself, he ought to be prefer'd to him. Now I dare confidently affirm, That the Scholars of latter Ages, as *Sanctius*, *Scioppius*, *Caninius* and *Clenard*, have given evident Proofs how well they understood the Greek and Latin Tongue; besides, there are abundance of Grammatical Treatises, such as, *Scholia* upon Difficult Authors, *Glossaries*, *Onomasticons*, *Etymologicons*, *Rudiments* of Grammar, and the like. From all which, there seems Reason to believe that these Criticks may have understood the Grammatical Construction of Latin, as well as *Varro* and *Cæsar*, and of Greek, as well as *Aristarchus*, or *Herodian*.

*Indifferentio.* I had always such an Honour for *Cæsar*, that I thought he was beyond being compar'd with *Scioppius*. But if it is so, I shall rest contented.

*Moderno.* It cannot well be otherwise, seeing there has been extraordinary

nary *Industry* us'd in these latter Ages, insomuch, that *Volumes* have been written against some *Letters*, and in favour of *H. and Z.* that were in difficult Circumstances.

*Indifferentio.* I am glad those *Letters* got the better, for I have always had a particular Respect for 'em.

*Moderno.* As for *Cesar*, poor Gentleman, he is not so much to be blamed, for he did what he could, considering the Age he liv'd in : But that Age which others think so great for Learning and Empire, lay under several apparent Disadvantages. For I have often read *Xenophon*, *Polybius*, *Tally*, *Q. Tacitus*, to see what *Raggs* might have been among the Ancients, but I cannot find (though I learn from *Terence* they had some) what use They put them to. 'Tis Demonstration that they made no Paper of their *Linen Raggs*, and *Cesar* when he had Subdu'd *France*, and wrote his *Commentaries*, could not have Printed them if he would have pawn'd his Conquests.

*Reflections upon Ancient and Modern Learning.*  
p. 15.

*Indifferentio.* Were they so unhappy in all other Matters?

*Moderno.* Yes, Sir; I really pity the Ancients as to their *Opticks, Divinity, Tobacco, Cydar, Coffee, Punch, Sugar,* and several other things, of which they were ignorant.

*Indifferent.* As how, Sir, I beseech you?

*Moderno.* It is undoubtedly to be believ'd, That Spectacles were not ancient-  
*er than Friar Bacon.* Infomuch, that it must be a great loss to Learning, when old Gentlewomen could not Record their *Receits* to Posterity. Besides, it is certain, That Monsieur Nuck first  
*ib. p. 219.* found out how the Watry Humour of the Eye may be, and is constantly supply'd; for he discover'd a particular Canal of Water arising from the internal Carotidal Artery, which creeping along the Sclero-tick Coat of the Eye, perforates the Con-rea near the Pupil, and then branching it self curiously about the Iris, enters in-  
 to, and supplies the Watry Humour.

*Indifferentio.* The most ignorant may apprehend this very easily.

*Moderno.* Topass by the *Philolo-*  
*gical Learning of the Moderns,* I cannot  
 but pity the Ancients as to their *Di-*  
*vinity; They did not make Controver-*  
*sies.*



## Dialogues of the Dead.

61

*sies so easie as the Moderns, and the Fathers, especially St. Chrysostom, seem to have been but indifferent Preachers.*

*Indifferentio.* Hold, Sir, I beseech You doe as You please, as to other things, but don't intermeddle with Religion. I that am a Lay-man will as soon give You leave to Publish *Apolonius Tyanæus*. But, Pray, Sir, to proceed, let me hear what You have to say as to their *Tobacco*.

*Moderno.* Certainly that Tobacco ought here to be mention'd, can be question'd by none who know what a delight and refreshment it is to so many Nations, so many several ways. So that from Virginia and Brasil, we may be assur'd that the Modern Husbandry, is a larger, if not a more exact thing than the Ancient. It is strange to think what Inconveniencies they were put to, Socrates was forc'd to ride upon a Hobby-Horse, and Scipio, and Lælius to play with Bounding Stones; because none of 'em had the Happiness to blow a Pipe with their Neighbours. *Ibid p. 298.*

*Indifferentio.* This was Extremely hard for Men of their Quality.

*Moderno.*

*Moderno.* It was the faults of their Gardens.

*Ibid* p. 302. *Indifferentio.* I thought their Gardens had been Extremely fine, being spacious plats of ground, fitted and surrounded with stately Walks of Plantans, built round with Portico's, finely paved, Noble Rows, of Pillars, with Fish-Ponds, Aviaries, Fountains, and Statues.

P. 304. *Moderno.* This is True. But then where were their Auriculas, Tulipas, Carnations, Jonquilles, Narcissus, and that almost infinite diversity of Beautiful and Odoriferous Flowers, that now adorn our Gardens. Besides we have no Reason to think they understood much of that Beautiful Furniture which Dwarfs and ever Greens afford us.

*Indifferentio.* Their Gardens then could never have been pleasant.

*Moderno.* Impossible, when instead of the Sweet-smelling Holly, the stately Juniper, the Beautiful House-leek, the most Fragrant Box-Trees in Pots, they (like our English Ancestors) had nothing but Huge Walnut, Chesnut, and Warden Pear, and Pipin Trees in

in their Orchards, as high as their Garret Windows. But to return to Tobacco, their want of that spoils all their Wit, Judgment, and Industry; for Consequently they could have no Tobacco-Boxes, Tobacco-Stoppers, or Snuff-Boxes, all which are the Tests, and Indications of a Mans Genius. A Large Tobacco-Box shows a Man of Great and Extensive Trade and Conversation, a small one well Japan'd, shows a Gentleman of good Humour, that would avoid smoaking for the sake of the Ladies; and yet out of Complaisance does it to oblige the Persons he Converses with. So as to Stoppers, if made of the Royal-Oke, it shows Loyalty; Glastenbury-Thorn, Zeal extraordinary: a Piece of Pipe, Humility: Silver, Pride; Black-thorn, Adversity: And the use of the little Finger, if the Pipe be well lightn'd, great Patience. Snuff-Boxes, were likewise wanting to the Ancients so that I cannot imagine how they could well have a Beau among them. The largeness of a Snuff-Box is a great Recommendation to a Young

## Dialogues of the Dead.

Young Gentleman; I knew a Person that got a great Fortune by the Merit of the Spring and Joynt of his *Snuff-Box*, the Charms of it were irresistible, I would sooner take my Character of a Man from the Engraving, Painting, Enameling of his *Snuff-Box*, and the Choice of his *Orangerie* and *Bergamott*, than from his Discourse and Writings.

*Indifferentio*. I could not have thought the Ancients had been so Barbarous.

*Moderno*. Why then, Sir, I must declare freely, that I take them to be the most miserable People in the World. For as for *Coffee*, the most wholsome and pleasant Liquor in the World, they had not one drop of it, which was the Reason why *Cato*, one of their Wisest Men was so often Overtaken with his *Wine*. Indeed what was an *Empress* without her *Tea-Table*? What *Conversation* could she have? I have known Ladies that would not have Rival'd *Statira* in the favour of *Alexander*, if they might not have had their

## Dialogues of the Dead.

65

their Quart of *Chocolate* in a Morning: But then it was impossible for the *Greeks* or *Romans*, to have had any good *Sea-Commanders*, since they could not have had any *Aqua Vita*, or *Brandy*, since the *Arabs* first *Extracted Vinous Spirits from Fermented Liguours*.

*Indifferentio*. But then they had a vast affluence of other *Delicacies* for the use of *Humane Life*.

*Moderno*. Truly but moderate as to them, for in the first place, they had no *Cydar*, at least the *Method of chusing* P. 296. the best *Apples*, such as *Red-streaks*, was unknown to them.

*Indifferentio*. Why then had I rather have been *Under-Sheriff of Herefordshire* than have had the *Universal Votes* of the *Roman Senate*; to have been *Proconsul of Asia*!

*Moderno*. But I will suppose they had several delicious *Dainties*. Yet what did they all signify without *Sugar*, which they did not know how to prepare. P. 217. *Apicius* was a Man that understood eating after their *Fashion*, but it was *Course* and *Ungenteel*. No-

K

thing

thing that could be call'd a Sweet-Meat came to his Table. Nay they were so unhappy, that when *Cleopatra* Treated *Anthony* with that which they then reputed to be Luxury, she was not able, when he came in Hot, to make him a Cool-Tankard. Nay, she had not an Orange or Limon to her Veal.

P. 305,

397, 204,

305,

Not a good Glas of Small-Beer, or Oat-Ale at the Table: No Rose-Water to her Codlings: No Chiney-Orange for her desert, Nor Orange-flower-water to wash with after Dinner.

*Indifferentio*. These things would put any Person into a Passion. I shall endeavour to wait upon you some other time, to learn more of so kind an Instructor.

*Moderno*. I shall be glad to Communicate (though it were a large Volume of this kind) to the Publick upon occasion. In the mean time, I think I have demonstrated, from the Ditches, Crevices, Tadpoles, Spiders, Divinity, Caterpillars, Opticks, Maggots, Tobacco, Flies, Oranges, Limons, Cydar, Coffee, and Linnen-Rags of the Moderns,

## Dialogues of the Dead.

67

derms, that **The Extent of Know-  
ledge is at this time vastly  
Greater than it was in former  
Ages.**

*Reflections  
upon An-  
cient and  
Modern  
Learning.*  
P. 405.

**THE**

# THE DISSERTATOR.

---

*Mac Flecknoe, Decker.*

*Decker.* **Y**OU seem Thoughtful,  
Brother *Flecknoe*.

*Flecknoe.* Yes, I am Thoughtful.

*Decker.* What may you have been doing?

*Flecknoe.* Doing ! Why the same as other Learned Men do, I have been Studying a great while, and doing nothing ; for to tell you the truth, Brother *Decker*, I have been considering why the World should think my Poems, or your Works to be dull.

*Decker.* Why if I had had the Advantage of *French* Dancing-Master's, *Italian* Eunuchs, and fine Scenes, my Plays, might for the Sense of 'em, have taken as much as some Modern Opera's. But

“ Our



(for Wit,  
 " Our Aged Fathers came to Plays Prologue  
 (in the Pit. to the Ge-  
 " And fate knee-deep in Nutshells nervous E-  
 (of Scenes were worn ; nemy.  
 " Course Hangings then, instead  
 (adorn.  
 " And *Kjdderminster* did the Stage

And then *Johnson*, and the rest of Epilogue  
 the Criticks, were all my Enemies, to the Mai-  
 but I took Heart of Grace, as well den-Queen.  
 knowing, that Criticks were the By a Person  
 Scourge, and I the Top. of Honour.

(you Baste her ;  
 " For as a Top will Spin the more  
 (the faster.  
 " So every lash they gave I wrote

But what think you of the Great  
 Critick *Bentivoglio* ?

*Flecknoe*. Why, I think my Epi-  
 grams to be as Witty as those he has  
 retriev'd from *His Manuscript Antho-*  
*logy* only, the Sense is more obscur'd  
 by the Greek, and mine lies more  
 open,

Pref. p.

59.

Dissert.

p. 209.

233. 302.

458, 459.

356, 357.

open, because they are in my Native Language; would any one but Turn my Verses into Greek, I would play 'em against e'er a *Callimachus*, *Dioscorides*, *Simonides* or *Nossis* of them All. I have taken the pains to Translate one or Two of them that are most admired by *Bentivoglio*.

*Decker*. I have been upon the same Author, I have read above a hundred pages of him, about the *Age of Comedy and Tragedy*, and as we Wits are apt to be fired with Emulation, so I have made some few Notes towards an Essay, endeavouring at a *Dissertation* concerning *Puppet-Shews*. Which Remarks I will oblige you with, if you will please to communicate one of your *Epigrams* to me.

Pref.

p. 59.

*Flecknoe*. You know, Brother, I can't deny you any thing. Sir, The case was this, *Callimachus* made an Epigram, as it was supposed upon a Shipwreck. The Learned *Madam Dacier* was betray'd into this mistake, by the Greek Word *Epelthos*, and so was the Critick *Bentivoglio*, till at last, by the Sagacity

## Dialogues of the Dead.

71

Sagacity of his Parts, and the Strength of his Genius, he found out, that *Calimachus* did not write upon a Ship-wreck, but a Saltcellar, and that *Eudemus* must not be suppos'd to be delivered from storms at Sea, but that owing a great many Debts, he paid them off, by living sparingly upon Bread and Salt. The Diet of Poor People, and in Memory of it, he Dedicated his Saltcellar to the Samothracian Gods: The Epigram, he says, is very ingenious, and the Humour lies in the double meaning, and likeness of some Greek Words, and the Whole is a Parodia. If you please, you shall have a Translation as I have made of it.

(free  
" *Eudemus*, eating little Salt, set  
(Storms of Usury.

" From Great and dangerous  
(Feller,

" To Samothracian Gods like Honest  
(Saltcellar.

" Preserv'd by Salt, here offers his

Decker.

*Decker.* I suppose *Eudemus* was a Country-Man, and therefore you use the Word *Feller*, rather than *Fellow*, out of choice, and not because the Rhime constrain'd you to it.

*Flecknoe.* You take me right.

*Decker.* Well, if we were not of necessity to Commend the Wit of the Ancients, especially when restored by Learned Hands, I could have admir'd one of your Epigrams as much as this. Since you have been so obliging, I must perform my promise, although I have made but a small Scetch concerning *Puppet-Shows*.

*Puppet-Shows.  
Dissert.  
P. 309.*

“ It is wonderful to think, that we  
“ should have so little an account a-  
“ mong the Ancients of a matter of  
“ such moment, no Periods of time  
“ fix'd, no Marble extant, nor any Ma-  
“ nuscripts concerning these little Ma-  
“ chines which approach Human Na-  
“ ture, in the next degrees to Mon-  
“ kies. I have often reprov'd the  
“ Negligence of the Magistrate up-  
“ on this Occasion, that no Memo-  
“ rials

# Dialogues of the Dead.

73

" rials should have been kept in their  
 " publick Archives: No not so much as  
 " in the Py-Powder Court at Smithfield.  
 " I am sensible, that when I Print my  
 " Dissertation, I shall detain the Reader *Dissert. p.*  
 " very long upon this Subject, tho' I hope *309.*  
 " the pleasure and importance of it, will *Schol.*  
 " excuse the Prolixity. When fair Ro- *Arist.*  
 " some first appear'd as a Puppet, *Hephast.*  
 " there was nothing between her and  
 " the Spectator, to hinder or amuse the  
 " Eye-sight. Sandy's Water-Works,  
 " at first had the same Simplicity, but  
 " the Water flowing perpetually,  
 " gave the Spectators great Diver- *Swid. in*  
 " sion, afterwards strings were found *Prat.*  
 " out by Devaux, and several other  
 " Scenes were introduc'd, the French  
 " Court was represented, Sarabands  
 " were Danc'd, and Punch appear'd *Schol. Pin.*  
 " with Quick and lively Moti-  
 " on in his Eyes, Activity in his Ges-  
 " ture, and Vivacity of Wit in his  
 " Expressions. Devaux increased the  
 " Stature of the Puppets, to almost the  
 " Bigness of Children. But that was  
 " after he had represented that admi- *Tert.*  
 " rable design of Love in a Pipkin.

L

" Though,

## Dialogues of the Dead.

Pha.

" Though, I must confess, that after  
 " this, the *Dutch Fight* was represent-  
 " ed and several Men of War were  
 " Sunk, with their Admiral, in an  
 " open Cistern. Afterwards, as the  
 " Luxury of the Age increas'd, they  
 " brought Artificial *Butter-Flies* upon  
 " the Stage, and Serpents issued from  
 " *Punch's* Eyes, to the Amazement of  
 " the Spectators; Then *Sedgemore* came  
 " to the publick View, Guns in Minia-  
 " ture manag'd the attack, and Bells of  
 " the Bigness of those at *Horses-Ears*,  
 " Proclaim'd the Triumph. Thus they  
 " ran on to excess, and consequently  
 " to Poverty and *Licentiousness*, till at  
 " last the Operator was forc'd to show  
 " Brown Paper instead of White, and  
 " Merry *Andrew*, who manag'd the  
 " *Mob* without Doors, was sent to  
 " *Bride-Well*, for making free with his  
 " Betters. All this I design to Illu-  
 " strate, with Infinite Scraps of lost Au-  
 " thors, and innumerable Quotati-  
 " ons.

Athen.

*Flecknoe.* The Design is most Ad-  
 mirable. When you publish, I will  
 be ready with a Copy of Encomi-  
 asticks.

## Dialogues of the Dead.

75

asticks. In the mean time let me repeat you another *Epigram*.

*Decker*. You know at all times how to be Agreeable.

*Flecknoe*. There was one *Nossis* a Poetress, little known in the World, who might have lain still in obscurity, if *Bentivoglio* had not discover'd Her. He found out, that she was a Locrian, *that she liv'd about the hundred P. 355: and fourth Olympiad; Her Mothers* <sup>356.</sup> *Names was Theuphilis, and Cleocha was her Grand-Mother.*

*Decker*. Great Discoveries! Of a greater Family.

*Flecknoe*. Nay farther, *she had a Daughter call'd Melinna*, Or she might not have a Daughter so call'd, *As a M.S. Epigram seems to shew, for its possible she may mean there anothers Daughter, and not her own. This Epigram Bentivoglio commends for its singular Elegancy.* I have endeavour'd that it may not lose any Spirit by my Version.

L 2 "Melinna's

## Dialogues of the Dead.

(is the Face  
 "Melinna's self! How Charming  
 (der every Grace;  
 "How soft the Look, How ten-  
 the Mothers strike,  
 "The Daughters Features do  
 (Children like!  
 "How fine for Parents to have

Decker. Why this is the common  
 flattery of the Mid-Wife at every  
 Gossiping.

Flecknoe. Besides, the Epigram con-  
 tradicts the Known Proverb, *that*  
*Boys should be like the Mother, and*  
*Girls their Fathers, if Born to good For-*  
*tune.* Indignation hereupon flung my  
 Muse into this Sarcastick Epigram.

(may be  
 "Melinna is so like her Mother  
 (the Baby.  
 "It may forebode no kindness to  
 (Girls should rather  
 "Boys should be like the Mother,  
 (be like their Father.  
 "(If they would Fortune have)  
 Decker.



## Dialogues of the Dead.

77

Decker. Since you have oblig'd me so much, Brother *Flecknoe*, I cannot but communicate to you another *Essay* of mine concerning Strolers.

"Greece is Happy that it can settle *Pla.*  
 "the time when a Stage fix'd, was by  
 "Aeschylus, and Thespis's Cart be-  
 "came to be disus'd: But it is not  
 "so with the Britains, for indeed their  
 "Stage has never been so tir'd, but that *Tetr.*  
 "Strolers, or Ambulatory Representa-  
 "tions have had great share in their  
 "Interludes. The *Wassail* has been *Verfieg.*  
 "as ancient as the Saxons; It is a *Ly-*  
 "rick Poem, compos'd in Honour of  
 "the Good-man and Dame of the Fa-  
 "mily, sometimes it entred into Af-  
 "fairs of State, and sung of King Henry  
 "and the Miller; the Amours of King  
 "Edward and Jane Shore; together  
 "with her Misfortunes; sometimes it *Athen.*  
 "spake of Heroick Actions, as *Chivy-*  
 "Chase, and the London Prentice. It *Swid.*  
 "generally concluded with the praise  
 "of Hospitality, and good House-  
 "keeping, and presenting one Bowl of *Schol.*  
 "Liquor in hopes of having it re- *Ans.*  
 "plenish'd with another.

"It

## Dialogues of the Dead.

" It was sung by one Voice, some-  
 " times reliev'd by a second, and often-  
 " times, Persons of less Skill were a-  
 " ble so to joyn as to fill up the *Chorus*,  
 " the *Ode* began at the *Vestibule*, or  
 " *Porch* of each considerable *Farmer* in  
 " the *Parish*, and the *Epilogue* was ge-  
 " nerally perform'd with *Minc'd-Pye*,  
 " and *Roast-Beef*, in the Hall of the  
 " same Mansion. Afterwards when  
 " the *Parish-Clerks* of *London*, had for  
 " a great while together Acted several  
 " Interludes, the *Clerks* and *Sextons* of  
 " the Villages thought themselves not  
 " to be out-done in Ingenuity, and there-  
 " fore reviv'd that *Diversion* of *Mum-*  
 " *ming*, the Original of which is ob-  
 " scure, at least, must be search'd for in  
 " *Germany*, where it continues in per-  
 " fection. These appear'd with *Masks*  
 " and unusual *Habits*, lest otherwise  
 " the meaness of their Persons might  
 " take away from the Character of  
 " those they represented. The Actors  
 " seldom more than Three; they gene-  
 " rally went first to the Lord of the  
 " *Mannor*, their place of Action in the  
 " *Parlour*, and their Reward usually  
 " enlarg'd

Rym.

## Dialogues of the Dead.

79

“enlarg’d with *Plumb-Porridge* and  
“*Cold Pudding*. Another sort of Inter-  
“lude is the Acting of *Proverbs*, its  
“Antiquity is obscure, it is an *Extrem-*  
“*poire Drama*, the number of its Actors  
“uncertain, they generally consist of  
“the Children, Servants, and Te-  
“nants of a Family, and their reward  
“*good Cheer* in general. There are  
“very few of these, if any of the  
“two latter committed to Writing.  
“The two former seem’d to have a  
“stated time, as *Christmas* for their per-  
“formance, the latter to have been  
“occasional, as Wit and good Humour  
“offer’d. The *Whisfun-Ale* seems to  
“have been of the next Age to the  
“*Wassail*. The Lord and Lady,  
“their Hall, their Hospitality of Cakes  
“and Ale, their Son, their Pages, their  
“Organs, added extremely to the Gran-  
“deur of their performance. Their  
“place of Action generally some Barn  
“or Out-House, for the Conveniency  
“of Reception, not but that the whole  
“Company go round to the Neigh-  
“bouring Gentry, where the Acti-  
“on,

## Dialogues of the Dead.

" on, besides the Morris-dancing, seems  
 " to be *Mono-Prosopé*, the whole lies up-  
 " on my Lord's Son, who raises Mirth by  
 " Proverbs, Riddles, Comick and Satyri-  
 " cal Expressions, not without the Ap-  
 " plause of his Parents and their Pages.  
 " The Reward is generally Cool Ale,  
 " with Borrage and Sugar, Gammon of  
 " Bacon, and New Cheese-Cakes. But to  
 " come to the more perfect Art of the  
 " Stage. Our Ancestors knowing  
 " what they were wanting in, gene-  
 " rally contriv'd their *Drama*, so as  
 " to have least need of Decoration; of  
 " this sort is *Gammer Gurton's Needle*,  
 " where the Whole *Epitrope*, or turn  
 " of Affairs, depending upon *Hodges's*  
 " being prick'd with the Needle  
 " in his Leathern Breeches, saves the  
 " trouble of costly Scenes and Ma-  
 " chines; *Grim* the Collier of *Croyden*,  
 " though of latter Date, yet had the  
 " same Advantage, and consequently  
 " both were Acted in any place as  
 " there was occasion. *Crispin* and  
 " *Crispianus* cost some more trouble,  
 " the Princes could ever borrow their  
 " Tools

## Dialogues of the Dead.

81

" Tools from any Journey-Man Shoo-  
 " Maker, but then the Robes and De-  
 " corations of the Queens and Nobles,  
 " were forc'd to be carry'd up & down  
 " in Knapfacks. Notwithstanding the  
 " Stage had been fetled for many Years,  
 " yet the Art of stroaling did, and  
 " will still continue : Nor has *Shake-*  
 " *spear* thought it unfit to introduce  
 " *Ham* as a Beauty in his Play of *Ham-*  
 " *let*. Nay, in these latter times the  
 " *New-Market* Company has diverted  
 " Corporation after Corporation, and  
 " for the use of the Town-Hall, pla-  
 " ced the Mayor, his Lady and Off-  
 " spring in the sideBoxes for Nothing.  
 " *Bateman* has not disdain'd to go from  
 " *Smithfield* to *Southwark*, and often  
 " down to *Starbridge*. Nay, Greater  
 " Persons have from the Glories of the  
 " Theatre, retir'd into the Country,  
 " where the Kings of *Brentford* have  
 " been forc'd in the Rehearfal to come in  
 " the common way, for want of Clouds  
 " to come down withal, and the Fa-  
 " mous *Othello*, together with his Fa-  
 " ther *Brabantio*, in a Callico Night-  
 " M " Gown/

## Dialogues of the Dead.

"Gown, have pleaded their Cause  
 "before a *Venetian* Senate, Assembled  
 "in a place little bigger then a Par-  
 "lour Chimney. I have shown you my  
 "Draught which I design to Illustrate  
 "with the Chronology of each Play,  
 "and an Account of such Interludes as  
 "have been Acted upon the Stages  
 "of Mountebanks which had infalli-  
 "bly been lost, if they had not been  
 "Collected into One Volume, by  
 "the industrious Mr. *Kirkman*, a-  
 "bout the middle of this last Cen-  
 "tury.

*Decker.* Very Natural, I protest.  
 You will oblige the World extremely  
 with these Works.

*Flecknoe.* Well, Brother *Decker*,  
 let us remain in hopes ; who knows  
 what time may do ; as to the retriev-  
 ing or gaining a Reputation. You  
 have us'd hard Words, and they may  
 stir up the Spirit of some Person in  
 times to come, to write a Scholiast  
 upon you as well as *Aristophanes*, and  
 that may be a Rival to the Labori-  
 ous *Tzetzes*. Who knows but I may  
 have

Dialogues of the Dead.

83

have the fate of *Nossir*, and some Library-keepers, among his Dust, finding me out of Print, may oblige the World with a New Edition of my Works and discover that Wit and Elegancy, which was deny'd me by my Cotemporaries.

FINIS.

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M 2 IN-



Dialogues of the Dead  
have the fire of Aetna, and some  
Library-keepers, among his  
ing the out of print, many of  
World with a New Edition of  
Works and discover the  
legacy which was given to  
Catholics.

LIBRARY

M. IN



# INDEX TO THE DIALOGUES OF THE DEAD.

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## Introduction.

Dial. I.	<b>B</b> Y Charon <i>and</i> Lyco- phron	Page 1
Dial. II.	Impudence, <i>or the</i> Sophist; By Phalaris <i>and the</i> Sophist	9
Dial. III.	Modern Atchievements. By Butcher <i>and</i> Hercules	14
Dial. IV.	Self-Love, <i>or the</i> Beau. By Ricardo <i>and</i> Narcissus	20
Dial. V.	The Dictionary. By Hefy- chius <i>and</i> Gouldman	25
	Dial.	

## Index of the Dialogues.

Dial. VI. <i>Affection of the Learned Lady.</i> By Bellamira and Calphurnia	30
Dial. VII. <i>Chronology.</i> By Lilly the Astronomer and Helvicius	38
Dial. VIII. <i>The Imposture.</i> By Heraclitus and Democritus	43
Dial. IX. <i>Modern Learning.</i> By Signior Moderno, and Signior Indifferentio	52
Dial. X. <i>The Dissertator.</i> By Mac Flecknoe and Decker.	68

Introduction

Dial. I. <i>Chiron and Lycus</i>	1
Dial. II. <i>Phalaris and his Son</i>	2
Dial. III. <i>Modern Achievements</i>	3
Dial. IV. <i>Self-love</i>	4
Dial. V. <i>Amor</i>	5
Dial. VI. <i>Love</i>	6
Dial. VII. <i>Love</i>	7
Dial. VIII. <i>Love</i>	8
Dial. IX. <i>Love</i>	9
Dial. X. <i>Love</i>	10

